OK. Fine.

1 clip ART FOR YOU

FRAGMENTS OF KARNAGE #365

No Art For You!

Fragments of Karnage Zine # 365

Apology – In Cuddle Puddles and Hot Pants # 8 or 9 (numbers are meaningless), I misgendered two people I was talking about. I didn't do that consciously to be a shithead, but it doesn't make the misgendering any less hurtful or invisibilizing to them, or me less of a shithead for doing so. I don't distribute that zine anymore for that reason. I'm really sorry for having done that, and I try to not misgender people in daily life or in my writing. If I do ever misgender you, please call me out on it so I can do better next time.

This is a zine I'm throwing together on the DAY OF ZINE FEST GEEZ IM A PROCRASTINATOR. So there might be a more refined version coming in the next few weeks, but here are just a few things I've been working on in 2014.

As always, I'm Mo Karnage, a sober, vegan, queerdo weirdo, anarcho redneck, witch, dog lovin carpenter.

What have I been up to? I adopted a third dog to add to the breakfast club- Tatertot, who now joins Grits and Flapjack in being some of the cutest pitbulls around. I went to Key West in February and ate burritos and drank cuban coffee, I started my own construction business, Karnage Creations LLC, and I do nerdy old school shit like restore windows and other historical restorations, but I also do random handyman shit, I drove my short bus to Indiana for Plan it X fest in June and broke down in almost every city I went to but had a fabulous times with my dogs and buddy Sam, and flew to California with my friend Josh and drove a car back across the country and got to see the grand canyon! I adopted a rocknroll attitude and lost a lot of my uptightness that had been draggin me down for years. I'm working on organizing and cleaning the Wingnut Anarchist Collective, and getting official crap for my business done. I went to Field Days of the Past and the State Fair this year wooooooot! Basically life is awesome, I roll with the punches, I have some of the most amazing people in the world as my friends and family and boos, and yea! Rock n Fuckin Roll!

debate wanting there to be less safety around guns. So we want more safety, and we can work together to produce that without compromising gun rights. Common ground here might mean doing more to create better access to mental health services, alternative types of non-gun self defense courses like jiu jitsu and other martial arts, and to increase access to gun safety classes and gun training classes.

Guns are being used to commit crimes – well the problem there isn't the gun as much as it is the crime. Addressing that is going to take a broader look at the causes of crime and solutions to those causes. If you ask me, that means taking a strong and critical look at capitalism and policing/prisons to understand why we are where we are.

I don't think the Open Carry activists in Richmond recently have necessarily accomplished their goals, nor do I think many understand or articulate what those goals are. But I do think we have an opportunity to hash some of this stuff out. I think we've let fear become a driving force in the debate, to all of our detriments. Hopefully moving forward we can seek common ground, and be consciously critical of the sources of our fear and feelings on the subject.

This is the South. This is a gun state. We can own that, responsibly. And it is in our best interest to own that, and to make that available for others whom we show how to go about Southern and gun pride in non-oppressive ways. Violence, crime, and fear are issues which haunt us all. But we need to critically think about what is or isn't violence, and what the sources of our society's ills truly are. We need to consider what the actual threats to our communities are, and who we have more in common with than no. I think we will find that beyond the infighting is a clearer picture of our world, and a more accurate description of the people and companies causing the real suffering.

Post Script- I can not take full credit for the ideas in my brain around this issue. I would like to take a moment to give credit where credit is due to a variety of intelligent friends and authors who help me work through ideas and develop better strategies and approaches. Kontra, Sam H., Sarah B., Andrew P., Scott C., Dave T., and more. Additionally, books by authors Ward Churchill and Peter Gelderloos have been very influential.

The sense that I get is there are some out there who would like to see an end to Open Carry in Virginia, and less guns in general. Yall might remember the War on Drugs or alcohol Prohibition and how successful both of those ventures were at ending use of booze and drugs. Oh. Wait. Right. The make a law to ban certain behavior or substances trick just simply has not worked yet. As anarchist and feminist Lucy Parsons said, "We have laws, jails, courts, armies, guns and armories enough to make saints of us all, if they were the true preventives of crime; but we know they do not prevent crime; that wickedness and depravity exist in spite of them,". Not to mention, good luck defeating the gun lobby around these parts- they lobby hard.

Mental health and crime are both serious concerns in our society. Both of these, among other factors, like poverty and alienation and stupid video games and television contribute to the instances of gun violence that have been occurring in schools and other places around the country for years now. What is necessary to understand however, is that these mass shooters are not going to be stopped by any attempt to limit gun rights or open carry rights.

I went to the July 5th Gun Show at Richmond International Raceway. It was the first gun show I'd gone to in about 4 years, and I had a really good time. You've got your small amounts of ahem wingnuts, but the crowd there was generally pretty calm and "normal". I had multiple friends who had tables selling various items, and many folks I didn't know who were tabling were very nice and we had good conversations. I was certainly a strange looking person for the scene with my tattoos and piercings, but did not get an unfriendly vibe. I think folks expect a gun show to be host to a bunch of frothing at the mouth right wing lunatics, and might be pleasantly surprised to see the diversity and kindness of the actual crowd.

Safety is clearly the common concern in this open carry gun debate. Folks simply have different things that they do to feel safe- for some it means carrying a gun, concealed or open, and for others it means not seeing guns in their daily lives. How do we bridge this? I say, start with the common ground. Cause lord knows, all sides seem happy to banter back and forth without actually listening to each other.

I haven't ever heard folks on either side of the gun and open carry

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LOVELOVELOVELOVELOVE
Mo

Thrifty Bitch – I wrote this piece for a friend's zine on thrifting, but the entire piece couldn't be used so I am publishing it here!

I'm Mo Karnage, a 27 year old anarcho-redneck queerdo weirdo from Hanover county but residing in the City of Richmond at the Wingnut Anarchist Collective for the past 5 years. Www.wingnutrva.org or www.mokarnage.com for more about me or the collective. I was stoked when Raven proposed this zine idea! There are so many reasons I think thrifting is important, and Macklemore isn't one of them. My friend Dave puts it well, the problem of late capitalism is just tooo much free/cheap/excess stuff. We have so much stuff. All kinds of stuff. And people keep working and racking up debt to buy the newest and flashiest stuff pushed on them via an intense consumer oriented advertising and media beast, all the while we are straight up killing the planet and a ton of animals and humans in the process. You can save yourself a lot of time and money by taking advantage of the many ways to get excess stuff for free or cheap. We live in a society that prefers to throw things out instead of repairing them, which would rather see food go in the trash than hungry people get free food. For such an "advanced" culture we are some backward ass people.

Getting things for cheap or free has been a way of life for me my entire life. When I was a kid, a majority of my clothes came in the form of Hand Me Downs, mostly from my Dad's friend who had two daughters a few years older than me. Unfortunately for me, their taste in clothing was significantly more femme than my own. I also became aware of an accustomed to the phenomena where different people have different smells- all clothes from them smelled the same, and it wasn't their detergent or that they were dirty. It was something uniquely human and unique to them.

As I got older, I was able to start shopping at thrift stores for myself. I became more aware of the world around me, and more political. One of the first major social justice issues that I remember being aware of was sweat shops. By high school I was intensely against sweat shops, and was really stoked on how thrift store shopping allowed me to largely opt out from supporting businesses who thrive on the abuse of humans, animals, and the environment. Thrift store shopping, at least at the local stores, contributes right back into the local economy, instead of to some multinational corporation intent on ruling the world.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not advocating individual consumer boycotts or decisions as the end all be all of social change. Don't you dare put those words in my mouth. I think our "consumer power" is a pretty limited thing, in this world of 7 billion people and corporate domination. But it is a tool, and a tool that is not so difficult to use. We can use the consumer choice tool, while we also participate in community and political work to make a better world.

One of the liberating things I found with thrift store items, was that because the cost was low, I had more freedom to experiment with the clothes. If you try to sew up a shirt, or draw on it, and make a mistake, its kind of not a big deal if it only cost you a dollar or two. Instead of being sold self expression, you can actually make things which self express, and suit your needs.

In high school I shopped at Diversity Thrift when it was located on Cary St. near the original Chop Suey Bookstore. I stumbled across all kinds of sub cultural and counter cultural things that I wouldn't have found in a store. I started a collection of cassette tapes, and got an old army jacket that lasted me through college, and a wooden trunk I still have today. Ever since then, I've done the majority of my shopping at thrift stores. It takes a little more time sometimes, but it's cheaper so I have to spend less time working to afford it.

What I really like about thrift stores is that you really never know what you are going to get, and because it is largely affordable, you frequently find things that spark an idea you hadn't had before. Whether it be new fabric for throw pillows or a lamp you can spruce up – the possibilities are endless. A few months back, at the new

face, reminders that seem to get folks all worked up.

This shock and horror about open carry rifles I think is a reflection of the fear culture that is being pushed on us by the media. The picture of one fellow's rifle with a scope on it immediately had a friend of mine speculating about the guy perching on a roof to shoot people. Scopes on rifles are ridiculously normal. The sights that many weapons come with standard are just not really useful, so folks put better scopes on em. And I doubt anyone would go to remove the ir scope before open carrying on the off chance that someone would assume they must be a pyscho.

There are some non-school shooting reasons why many might feel uncomfortable about white folks with guns that I want to at least briefly touch on. White folks with guns have a history of being racist and oppressive. For many People of Color, the site of a white person with a gun can harken back to some real fucked up racist times, images of the Klan and extraordinarily hateful folks. And the privileges of being white mean that a white person Open Carrying is going to be less at risk of police violence than a person of color. It also this white privilege which is why many whi te folk feel more comfortable with armed police in their communi ties than people of oclor might. I would also be remiss in not acknowledging the history of racism with the NRA, their failure to support the rights of the Black Panthers to Open Carry, and the overall failures of all national gun lobbying groups to be anti-oppressive as part of their advocacy. Certainly there are heaps of racist, sexist, homophobic douchecougars in the pro-gun camp. Everything must be understood in context, and sadly this is the only context many people get to see for gun issues. I want to broaden the issue, but not dismiss these real ities either.

In fact, as much as I think the approaches of many open carry proponents lack necessary nuance, I think that the liberal reaction kind of goes to show WHY open carry is necessary. If someone seriously thinks that the sight of someone with a gun is cause to call 911, well maybe they need to just get more accustomed to seeing folks with guns. This is the South after all. And while the folks doing this Open Carry aren't really holding up their end of the conversation, I think the fact that this has been happening has now presented Richmond with a valuable opportunity for discussion of these issues.

Now why, some folks I know have been asking, would someone open carry a rifle? Well for one, because you sure as heck aren't allowed to conceal carry it. Conceal Carry Permits in Virginia are only for handguns. You are not allowed to conceal long arm guns like rifles or shotguns (hence rules about barrel length etc.). For two, because not everyone wants to or can get a Conceal Carry Permit for any gun – they require being 21, money, a class, and usually takes about 6 weeks to get to you anyways. Not everyone wants to go through the trouble and paperwork to get a CCP and you know what, that is their right.

I'm sure there are more reasons to open carry a rifle, including it being your only gun, as well. There are plenty of practical times where one might open carry a gun, going to a friend's house nearby, not wanting to leave it unattended in a vehicle, etc. The folks open carrying in Richmond lately are doing so in a fairly unnecessary way. No doubt. Some might call them jackasses. No doubt. But I think that as much as liberals are ignorant about open carry and brainwashed to be fearful, these folks are ignorant about liberals and their fear, and brainwashed by the gun lobby. Essentially we've got apple and oranges cultures coming to a head. The people open carrying are not doing so to make others scared, and indeed are surprised by the way people are scared. Their intentions might be poorly thought out, or lacking understanding of broader issues but they aren't bad. Actually, both sides are often coming to the table full of fear- fear of guns and fear of gun rights being taken away. To discuss these issues coherently we need to get beyond the fear to analyze where everyone is truly coming from.

The anti-open carry camp seem to have an out of sight out of mind approach to guns. They aren't actively upset until they can see them. And the assertively open carry camp seem to have an idea that if they don't exercise their rights they might atrophy. Other gun owners have chimed in, worried that the attention being drawn to the issue might cause more harm than good, and they bring a valid point to the table. If liberals can't see the violence- because it happens in wars in other countries over oil, or in sweatshops where their kids' toys are made, or in forced prison labor where their office furniture is made or asparagus is grown (holler at yer local asparagus Ellwood Thompson's), then it pretty much doesn't exist. It is the flashy, in your

Diversity Thrift location, I spotted a wedding dress. On a lark I tried it on, and damn if that dress didn't fit me and make me feel like a cupcake. So for $7.25 I got a wedding dress, which, let's be real, I will probably never use for the intended purposes. But I'll break it out one day, so yall can all go daaaaamn.

I'm pretty sure at least 50% of everything I own was gotten for free, second hand, or from thrift. Between thrift stores, dumpster diving, alley shopping, and garnering a reputation as someone who likes free stuff, I have pulled in more than enough belongings to fill a house. Which is maybe not a good thing all of the time.

I try to not actually hoard too much stuff, but I do keep an awful lot of it around. The idea of useful items ending up in a landfill stresses me out! One of my few regrets in life (regrets are some fairly fucking USELESS things), is that I never mad a log of all of the items I've transported in my truck. The list would be impressive as shit. From hauling anarchists to conferences and protests, to just truck bed after truck bed of household items, I've seriously put the poor truck to work.

My extended family is well aware of my tendencies, and so I typically get first dibs at anything they intend to send off to the thrift store or landfill. My mom gave me her old dining room set, and the chairs were covered in a red and green fabric we had put on them probably 15 years ago for Christmas. I used a leopard print sheet I had gotten at a thrift store a re-upholstered the chairs into leopardy/punk fanciness!

One of the ways I have worked to find middle ground between the hoarding impulse and the landfill full of plastic crap that will never go away is to participate in Really Really Free Markets and Free Stores.

Really Really Free Markets are anarchist alternatives to the capitalist "free market". At a RRFM, everything is free, and folks meet in parks or wherever to share the excess clothing, books, appliances, cds, etc. and even hold workshops and skillshares or perform music for eachother – all for 110% free. I helped organize the Richmond RRFM for about 3 years before I got burnt out on the monthly event.

We have also done these Really Really Free Markets in the neighborhood where the Wingnut Anarchist Collective is located. A low energy way of redistributing free goods we also do, is to have some cabinets in our front yard where we place items that are free. Folks in the area know that all they have to do is check out the cabinets to find clothing, kitchen stuff, toys etc. I also built a Little Free Library this winter to go on the same wall in front of the house, to redistribute books!

I would suggest that the re-distribution of free things is just one way that we can take being thrifty and shopping at thrift stores beyond the realm of just a personal political decision and into spaces where we can develop a healthier culture. Re-using items already made eliminates or cuts down on sweat shop labor, shipping and fossil fuels, animal abuse, deforestation, bad mining practices, and importantly the profit margins of the people, I mean corporations, I mean people, shit, who are shoveling in the money at the rest of our expense.

Anyone can do it. When you end up buying new socks or underwear, don't beat yourself up over it. Enjoy the adventure of thrifting and collecting free things. See where the fates take you and what they bring to you. Explore and create and share. We are all more dynamic and creative and fabulous than the folks who design clothing and housewares. Let's kick their ass.

putting down). We've also seen local activist Chris Dorsey get hauled out of a City Council meeting over a dispute, which was blamed on his openly carried gun, and then the media gallery of the Council Chambers be closed out of a weird fear of gun wielding journalists- or something.

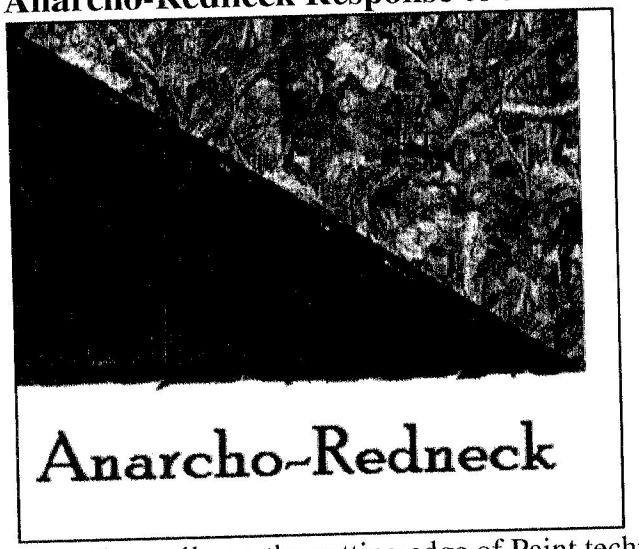
Maybe I don't watch enough tv news to be shocked and upset by visible guns, or maybe its because I'm from Hanover county, but to me, guns aren't an upsetting sight. This is the South. I haven't been able to find a year on the start Virginia's Open Carry policy, leading me to believe that we've had the same laws on the books around Open Carry for at least several decades now, and more likely since the origins of Virginia time. This is a gun state, but unfortunately not everyone here has sufficient knowledge or experience with guns and gun safety to be coming to the table ready for debate. So we have some culture clash going on.

Allow me to paint a picture. In a world where our government engages in endless war, supplies arms to oppressive regimes like Israel, engages in torture home and abroad routinely, and uses police and private security to patrol our domestic neighborhoods with an ever increasing amount of technology and weaponry, liberals are worried about the potential of violence coming from some deranged white guy who thinks he is in a shoot em up video game or whatever. To me this is a sign of a society which had it's autonomy erased, and has become dependent on larger bureaucracies, to its detriment. To me, this is a sign of a society which has had its understanding of the concept of violence thoroughly muddled, and has fallen prey to the idea that violence only occurs from the little guy- not the powers that be.

I also see this fear and confusion as a result of a culture that routinely chooses to treat only the symptoms of any problem, as opposed to addressing the root causes. I would argue that this method of addressing symptoms is promoted through capitalism for several reasons – mainly that it encourages greater consumerism, and prevents folks from questioning the very system of capitalism itself as a root cause of or contributing factor in many of our society's problems.

due credit and homage to the women of color, who have pushed this specific body positivity while fighting against the white supremacist culture of society. I like my ass, which is good, cause it is the only one I've got. But I do not have the same struggle around my body and do not face the same body policing that women of color do. In a white supremacist society, I will see bodies similar to mine reflected more often in media than women of color will. I'm glad I've got a big ol' vegan scary man-lady ass, and I'm thankful to women of color for struggling for years to promote body positivity around larger bottoms!

Anarcho-Redneck Response to Recent Open Carry



I'm really on the cutting edge of Paint technology here...

Anarcho-Redneck Response to Recent Richmond Open Carry
by Mo Karnage

Richmond has been all in a tizzy over some recent exercising of the right to open carry guns. We've had some folks carrying guns in Target, and other carrying them in Carytown. Appearances of guns and those toting them at both locations seem to upset the delicate sensibilities of those who enjoy their capitalism from a more middle class seat. As my friend Dave says, the violence that happens at Target is all in the products on the shelves (sweatshop labor, animal cruelty, and environmental destruction for yall who ain't picking up what I'm

I started writing haiku again cause of my friend Raven Mack who does these haiku competitions. I think everything he writes is amazing and it inspires me to try my hat at the haiku format. Here are some of the haiku I've written in the past year.

My best hat is all
squished up from truck backseat where
nice things go to die

I will sell out for
five bucks per promotional
haiku just say go

Ma's dog ate windows
in pursuit if groundhog meal
with Sally in yard

if the lord wills it
we will have the time and space
to get the curb couch

Alec balances
on joists thinking he won't fall
sixteen on center

Vampire Overlords
my friend Tad calls the rulers
speaking my language

lady stopped by said
food we gave kept her alive
keeps us going on

water beading up
on the boards we need to paint
our plan goes to shit

tornado like winds
and hail pummeled the wingnut
garden – we grow on

All carpenters have
the cutest little bellies
level square and plum

scrabble by lantern
friends lost, revived, and some new
sparklers and skeeters

No speed greater than
a pitbull snatchin chicken
bone off the sidewalk

not my element
everyone here is wearing
khakis but me

strangled by to do
lists, is how they will find me
what will be crossed off

the capitalist
context makes a shitta mess
out of most things good

don't say fuck you he
told me and I think he just
don't like the rawness

my friend alan says
respect is earned, not given
to politicians

What I need some days
is Lynyrd Skynyrd on the
jobsite radio

of course local news
quotes my haiku with word fuck
my life -- fabulous

he rescued a road
turtle, days later we found
one Bella dog ate

legs moving, pumping
blood then energy in words
tell the bastards no

bikes with mom she smokes
us again, then we compare
our Murphy asses

Grandpa drove his kids
in the big yellow Murphy
bus cross country trip

we bicker over
where to plant the blueberry
bushes what a life

can't shit talk haiku
comrades, dun used it all up
on mayor, the scum

condos for the rich
but only jails for the poor
lovely river views

if you can't beat them
join them they say I say you
get a bigger bat

neoliberal is
an academic word for
class war rich vs poor

when your dogs get to
fightin keep your arms inside
the vehicle please

pondering the use
of a vitamix blender
for better plaster

if you want some of
my hanover tomatoes
you better behave

I need a chore list
said the man looking for an
excuse yet again

but I dont notice
the chore list on that wall there
he cried, grasping now

I am a product
of the patriarchy is
what he really meant

Adults in this society have a lot of unlearning to do around gender, myself included. We were raised in a world with only two acceptable gender options, according to the larger patriarchal order. Things have gotten better in many ways for transgender and genderqueer and other non-binary gender folks, but there is a long way to go. Acts of violence against transgender people, particularly transwomen of color are frighteningly high, and most states have no protection for transgender people in the workplace or anywhere else. Starting conversations with kids around gender identity is a great way to influence the next generation to be better educated, more compassionate, and more progressive regarding transgender and non-binary rights and issues.

I'm glad to have discovered this new phrase to describe my identity, as a scary man-lady. I think that is actually much more understandable to the general public than genderqueer, and I embrace being a scary man-lady wholeheartedly. I will continue to spend my days doing carpentry, throwing firewood, wrestling dogs, writing haiku, and insulting local politicians when their decisions insult and harm residents. Thanks Wendy, for the motivation to keep carrying on as an out there, out spoken, scary to some man-lady!

On another article, by local reporter Mark Holmberg, a commenter named Clotus Jones says about me, "She also claims she's a vegan. I don't believe her. Vegans tend to be thin and stinky. Did anyone else notice the size of Mo's rear-end when she was at the podium? That's not a vegan rear-end. That rear-end belongs to someone who stuffs themselves full of processed foods and sit around all day." We all know that non-cis males are pretty consistently body policed when in the public sphere. And this is yet another case of just that, mixed with some strange misconceptions about vegans. I'm stoked on having a biggish butt. Everyone should be proud of their own butt.

Even big butts in stupid anonymous Internet comments can get an intersectional lens. Body policing involves gender, and it also involves race. Loving big butts is not, as the linked Jezebel article explains, a new territory to be discovered by white women (or white genderqueers). Loving big butts is something where we need to give

'adults.' Does she really want to hear 'Mommy who is that scary man-lady' at the Monument Avenue Easter Parade?? Name-calling elected officials in public chambers reduces any credibility."

Clearly, Wendy was going for a transphobic insult here, but I have found the statement empowering and affirming of my genderqueerness. I am a big scary genderqueer, a frightening man-lady who will not back down when fighting for justice. I'm glad that folks in favor of the privatization of a local park and in holding up the crumbling gender binary find me threatening. On my good days I am indeed a threat to their ways of life.

I've put some thought into why I find her comment less demeaning than she intends it. And I think that is because it at least acknowledges my existence outside of the gender binary. To be constantly ignored, to have one's gender identity ignored, is erasure. Erasure hurts, and ignoring genderqueer, transgender, and non-cis identites is oppressive at best and violent at worst. I'm not speaking from a perfect palace here. Several years ago, I published a zine where I misgendered two people. I regret doing so, am sorry for having done so, and have since learned more about why misgendering or ignoring trans and non-binary genders is so problematic.

When we take our protest to Monument Avenue on Easter Sunday, I hope little kids ask their parents about what we are doing. That is the whole point. We want people to find out more, get curious, question the status quo, and realize that there are vital political struggles going on in Richmond right now. And I hope that little kids ask me or their parents about my gender. I hope that little kids question gender.

I've been working in childcare for over 14 years now. I'm really good with kids. One of the things I love most about kids is their honesty, and how they will ask a question that comes to mind instead of making an internal judgement. I actually have kids question my gender all the time. I find these instances to be wonderful opportunities for conversations with the youth about what gender is, the gender binary, and alternatives to binary gender roles. It's funny and sad that the kids are the ones more open to these conversations and to accepting other humans and their multitudes of gender and gender expression than many adults are.

but we don't make parts
for vehicles over ten
years old they explained

is my dog licking
her lips to be submissive
or cause of the taste

I prefer my life
when it sounds like an upbeat
redneck country song

I dont want to fuck
redneck boys, I want to be
a redneck boy too

it aint oppressive
to be told you are out of
line oh patriarch

sometimes I scare the
mayor while eating cookies
at home in my bed

if they could do it
these days they would burn me at
a stake witchhunt style

taking the streets is
a good monthly habit to
keep your protest strong

why do I always
wait until the day of to
write all my haiku?

The people in suits
are lying to you every
time their mouths open

community is
not the people who use the
same labels as you

community is
constant work, mistakes, growth, ar
forgiveness

go to city hall
to see the puppet strings on
all elected folks

oil coal monsanto
these are things that need to go
oil coal monsanto

when my roommates dog
aint home I initiate
tentative corpse search

where the gravel meets
the road I gotta back the
ladies in my life

I know more shit dudes
than I know good ones so there's
that to consider

one day I might snap
and leave the city behind
to immerse in green

dumping ten thousand
honey bees thunk thunk into
a hive – not for wimps

humans drink soda
and bees like sugar water
cant we all bee friends?

Bustin out of my
leopard tights thighs of steel to
choke you out tonight

if I were to take
a brush to my body hairs
id choose my armpits

Raven aint got a
dog in the fight, shit my dogs
got their own damn fights

realized the other
day I owned some leggins long
as I had my truck

truck overheatin
hope it just needs coolant cause
im fucked if not that

Gojo dispenser
we found in an old warehouse
clean hands for life yall

I'll never follow
any belief system thats
named after a man

all ages shows build
the future of a scene so
fuck your booze culture

Moved beyond the point of shock and outrage
I am not shocked
I've been too jaded
and people ask when it started to get this way
how I became what I am today
I got over the shock at a real young age
and since then I've just been full of rage
I'm pissed, I'm mad, but I still have hope,
we can hang the government if we give em the rope

The global empire, the capitalists
havent changed their moves in quite a bit
we know their game,
their trickle down
and baby, they're pissin all over our town
I've read about this before
all over the world
they privatize, the subsidize, the kick the poor

How you might want to deal with the trolls in your life likely depends on your personality, coping mechanisms, etc. But mostly I'd have to recommend ignoring anyone talking smack anonymously.

If you are engaged in your community and receive news coverage because of your activism, you are making strides. You are bravely taking actions to make positive effects on the world. Which means that folks who are not even brave enough to attach their names to their statements are way below your league. Don't worry about what they think, you are great.

A recent *Style Weekly* article about a City Council Meeting in my home of Richmond, Virginia has got a pretty interesting comment thread. One troll attacks me for my name, Mo Karnage. This poster says, "Her name is Moriah Karn...not 'Mo Karnage' as she refers to herself". My preferred pronouns are they/them pronouns for starters.

But the juicy part is this—the commenter's name? Joe23223.

Weird name right, wonder what his parents were thinking? I'd put money that he isn't named Joe23223 at all!!!! What a hoax. His legal name is probably Joseph 23223. However, I have a lot of better things to do in my life than try to police what other people choose to call themselves. Names and pronouns are things that should be up to the individual. Not everyone will choose to take the time and money to legally change their names, and why should they? To please anonymous scaredy-cats on the internet? I don't think so.

Other commenters on the article have gone back and forth over my gender. One used male pronouns for me, and another replied attempting to 'correct' the person using male pronouns. Gender enigma.

Then we get to my most favorite comment of all. Wendy Gale March broke out her transphobia with this one: "The detainee is not a threat to public safety and 'Mo' needs to acts properly when addressing other

just because you bone me doesnt mean you own me

never pick the side
of the city folk
even when the other side is rednecks and country people

Ive always been turned off
by snobby city ways

regentrification of the city that you left
white flight in reversal
without change in what you believe in .

On Being a Scary Man-Lady With a Fat Ass

Gender Queer Identity in the Spotlight

This one was published by Quail Bell Magazine and Style Weekly!

Getting news coverage for any political issue is a double edged sword. On the one hand, you want news coverage because it is an opportunity for people to hear about important issues and to hopefully hear about the stance you are supporting. This is a good thing, and largely a necessary thing for any social movement. We need information to get out to people who might want to join us or might become convinced by our points. This is how the whole process works.

On the other hand, you have the anonymous Internet trolls. These are the people who miss the point entirely, misconstrue your position, attack you for real or imagined aspects of your personal life, and generally do their best to demean and insult anyone they do not agree with. Over the years I've gotten calloused to the point where I am mostly not upset by the cruel, inaccurate, and absurd things posted about me anonymously on news article comments sections. Lately I've found them largely humorous.

The Resistance

There has been a lot going on in Richmond for the past months. 2014 is turning out to be a pivotal year for this City. A year where everything is on the line. Right now, on the precipice of multiple changes, I'm taking a look into my crystal ball to see what the future may hold. Like any prediction, this is no static vision. Things don't have to turn out like what I'm seeing.

What happens if a development in Shockoe Bottom is created using 80 million of public funds to build a ball park in a historic site? What happens if Monroe Park is privatized and attempts are made to kick Food Not Bombs and the homeless out? What happens if our schools and children continue to suffer because Vulture Richmond gets tax breaks they don't deserve?

Well, what I'm seeing is:

The Resistance is what will happen.

The Resistance won't be a formal organization, but a banner taken up by dozens, hundreds, thousands, who are so sick of living in a place where the few rule the many, where money speaks louder than our voices, and where there is more oppression daily.

The Resistance won't stick to one set of tactics, but will embrace a true diversity of tactics to liberate Richmond from the oppressive bad decisions brought about by Mayor Jones, City Council, Vulture Richmond, and the Monroe Park Advisory Council – among others.

I'm seeing members of the Resistance outside of the houses of members of City Council, Monroe Park Advisory Council, Vulture Richmond, Looting RVA, local Developers and more, holding up boom boxes John Cusack style, blasting "No where to run to baby, no where to hide" by Martha and the Vandellas . Because, as we all know from campaigns like Stop Huntington Animal Cruelty – the enemies have faces, names, and addresses. Any good resistance will be sure to gather this intel, and use it appropriately, to bring to the protests to the people responsible for the decisions privatizing our City.

Critical Mass bike rides will take a new tone, following a route between the homes and businesses of individuals involved in the privatization of Richmond. Moped and Motorcycle gangs will take the time to circle the block where Alice Massie lives, rev their engines in front of Mayor Jones' house, and do donuts in the parking lots of Vulture Richmond and others. A Resistance play list will develop, the songs will haunt supporters of privatization throughout their daily lives.

Banners will be dropped from high way overpasses with messages promoting liberation and an end to corruption in Richmond. A generation of youth will discover the joys of street art, wheatpasting and spray painting their way from one end of town to the other, spreading messages of the Resistance, of freedom, of public spaces. And don't tell me the youth aren't hungry for action, we've seen them, you've seen them, they are itching for something to do.

You may put up fences, they will come down. Your bulldozers will be lucky to have an unblocked day. There will be treesits, crane sits, people perched at the Redskins training camp between the field goal uprights. There will be lockdowns, there will be glue in locks, there will be glitter, there will be cream pies in faces. There will be heckling, I hope you can put up with it.

buy some Ax and get that in a can. Man can't do anything that I can;t, simply by nature of being a man.

If you need a medic -yell medic. if you need a carpenter - just ask. If you yell we need a man-
ill kick your fucking ass

Women will say it - they've been brainwashed too. Damsels in distress - think there is nothing they can do.

I don't understand this irrational belief, that we must depend on men to provide relief. Oppression is real and men benefit, they run the whole country, they have power enough. The most basic thing that we can do to fight back – is not rely on them for shit.

So dont coddle men, dont let them get away with macho shit and forgetting the chore list. Don't let men trick you into thinking you need them. All you need is yourself and a good group of friends. If someone

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Riding desk chairs
into battle
wounded warriors
carpel tunnel addled

sit back and judge
needs no real world experience
never let rationality
create interference

striving for purity
based on academia essays
don't worry, they've got this
and can type snide remarks for days

I can't watch the news, I can't always read the head lines, so clearly manufactured with conflicting crappy ideologies. Some days it is too much

equation of socially constructed false binary gender with certain identity traits. Men aren't tough, men aren't strong, men aren't tall. The fuck even is a man. Being a man does not guarantee a single thing about a person, except for with cis men and the privilege they get.

I dont want to have to say these words, but goddamn it. I have to hear the same patriarchical shit on a daily basis, the catcalls, the casual and not so casual sexism. Formal sexism?
If you dont want to hear me talk about it, I'd suggest you help stop the patriarchy. If silence changed anything, I dont fucking know, mimes and shit. Mimes would take over. I'm talking about it, I'm walking about it. Do both or get.

Lately the one that really gets my goat, is that no matter how tough I am, some asshole always goes, help we need a man.

I'll be at work, scraping paint or hauling boards, mind replaying the words I keep hearing. Need a man, need a man, need a man. Haunting, taunting, I can't let it go.

Who the fuck needs a man.

I need a man, just like I need a pile of dirty dishes left in the fucking sink.

I need a man,

I'll being some shit like handling an emergency or carrying insulation at Lowes and some fucking person will exclaim that I need a man. I mean really, what would I need a man for?

I don't need a dick, I've got a drawer full. I don't need a goatee, I'm starting my own. I don't need a goddamn thing from any socially constructed, totally bullshit, pretend ass gender identity that I can't get from myself.

When I decide, when I decide, when I decide
I WANT a man, well that's between me and him, the dogs and the lord.

The innate, the essence, the core of "man" - well I'm pretty sure I can

There will be parties in the streets, uncontrollable crowds, meet ups in the most unlikely of places, flashmobs that break into song and dance in really inconvenient places. There will be boycotts of restaurants, bars, retail, and sports teams involved in these schemes. There will be a continued push for a $15 dollar minimum wage, and strikes across the City until that comes to be. There will be queers protesting for more than the right to marry. There will be sit ins for change, office occupations, there will be unruly musical performances.

All these developments and privatizations meant to bring prestige and pride to Richmond will simply become sights of protest and problems. The legacy left behind by Jones will be one of embarrassment and excruciating public failure.

We will feed each other, teach each other, hold copwatch and know your rights workshops, trade herbal medicine ideas, exchange massages, have support groups, hold consent workshops, create visions of a better world. We will drink a lot of coffee. We will support eachother mentally, physically and emotionally. We will fundraise bail money for our comrades.

It may seem unlikely for such a vision of the future to come about, but you are forgetting that the regime is boring, privatization is boring, rules are boring. Resistance is fun. Resistance speaks to people who have no interest in attending City Council meetings, or of the nuts and bolts of whatever oppressive plan is on the table.

In the future the Resistance disrupts every single City meeting. Resistance has enough participants that you could never ban them all. A new face at every meeting, ready to shout down your white lies, your assertions of a false reality, your Orwellian double speak. No meeting goes unscathed, disruptions at meetings and press releases reflect the disruptive effect your decisions have on the people.

Maybe you think the issues in Richmond are too small to spark the Resistance. But you forget about endless war, increasing poverty, bad schools, dying capitalism, unemployment, public transit, police brutality, noise ordinances, dance ordinances and more. You forget the

larger context of suffering and oppression and racism and sexism and homophobia and transphobia and classism. People are worn out. People are worn out. People are worn out. And at some point, the last straw goes on the camel, and the back breaks.

When we break, we rise.

When we break, we rise.

When we break, we rise.

This isn't a threat, not even a warning this is a prediction a vision out of passion. Founded in the history of Monroe Park the development of it as a sacred ground. Yes, sacred ground. Not the same sacred ground that you find in Shockoe Bottom. But a place of great sacredness none the less. Where protests and passion are deep in the roots of the trees. The land there is drenched in the power of the people, and the power of the people don't stop, say what. There ain't no power like the power of the people and the power of the people don't stop, say what.

Privatize Monroe Park and the entirety of the East Coast Occupy movements will descend on Richmond, to occupy not only Monroe Park, but the medians of Monument avenue too. You can bring all the storm troopers at your disposal, but you won't dispose of us, you won't dispose of the Resistance. There are more where we come from. More desperate people, more tired people, more bored people. More people with broken backs who are ready to rise.

Everyone knows it is wrong to privatize a public park. Everyone knows only true cowards prey on the hungry, prey on those without homes, prey on those who need the most solidarity in our society. Only true cowards like the 1%, who could go to any park they wanted to, would try to force the homeless out of Monroe Park.

Maybe it is cheesy, but I think it holds true, that the generation at hand is Catching Fire, full of Mocking Birds, and ready to hunt Zombies. Unfortunately for you, you are the Zombies, you are the Capital, you are boring, and we are Divergent. More people understand what fascism looks like, know the sacrifices required in a resistance, and know that true honor lies in taking action to reduce suffering. Popular culture has given those of us who didn't know examples of what fighting back can start to look like, and people are ready to start fighting back. The Resistance has far more potential for capturing the popular imagination than all those ordinances and resolutions do.

You see, there has to be a line somewhere. A line in the sand if you will. And yall are in the process of crossing that line a couple different ways. Maybe you don't see it as a line yet, maybe you won't until it is too late. Understand that you simply can not keep taking and taking and pushing and pushing and expect no push back. You will get pushback. Pushed back.

Don't get it twisted, this isn't a declaration of war, its a declaration of weather, and a storm is coming. Weather above and under ground gonna hit this city. I don't think you will be ready for this storm. I don't think you want to try to get through this storm. I don't think you want this storm. But hey, this is just a vision. Who knows what the future holds.

Just keep an eye out for those Stormclouds of Resistance.

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